

I Went Into the Upside Down and All I Got Was Nancy's Lousy Boyfriend by pineapple_fineapple

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But They're Just Steve Being A Lil Dramatic, snuggles and cuddles

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Summary:

I just wanted to type that title out

anyway, I imagined Sunday afternoons with these two

I Went Into the Upside Down and All I Got Was Nancy's Lousy Boyfriend

Author's Note:

not much, but I can tell you that this is strictly Steve/Jonathan and no Nancys are afoot

not that I don't love nancy but goddamn you can't find a stonathan fic without her in it like ho pls let me have these gay boys without u thank u

Jonathan Byers had far too easily become a constant in Steve's life. And this time last year, it would have made him uncomfortable.

Now he could hardly imagine life without him.

Steve ran his fingers through Jonathan's hair again, watching with an unreadable expression as Jonathan stayed content in that balance between sleep and consciousness. One of the (many) things he appreciated about Jonathan was how steady he was. In every sense of the word. Physically, Jonathan oozed the definition of home. Warmth and comfort, love and safety, with strong hands and kind words. When he slept, Steve liked to feel him breathe. Deep and reassuring. Two good descriptions of Jonathan any day of the week. Steve slid a hand down Jonathan's side to rest on his waist.

Steve had never been one to sit and write sonnets over any of the many he'd dated. He'd never daydreamed of any 'The One's either, and he'd never written letters to the imaginary person, as he was content with the many real people he could see every day.

And yet here he was, suddenly Shakespeare, over this beautiful, beautiful boy who'd allowed Steve in.

He was starting to think it was due to his previous inability to understand the value of things. Steve had always had plenty. Always. He'd had plenty of plenty, and then some. So always having someone to date never bothered him, or even made him happy, really. It was just another endless option, where if he wanted it, all he had to do

was say so.

Jonathan was so different.

Nancy had been nothing but right when she'd said Jonathan was something strange, and very odd. In nothing but the good sense. Steve felt a rush of affection for him and stroked his knuckles over Jonathan's waist.

Value never really mattered before. Jonathan changed that, along with many other things. He made Steve see the world in completely different ways than he had before. Steve looked at the sidewalk when he walked. Jonathan watched birds. Which Steve had seen as pointless, honestly, they weren't super interesting and it wasn't like they weren't things they saw every day.

"It's not that," he'd said one day after Steve had told him not to worry, birds would still be here tomorrow. And the next day. Probably even after that. Steve "tch"-ed him and watched him with amusement. Jonathan glanced back at him out the corner of his eye and twitched his lips.

"It's just interesting to think about where they've been, is all." He pointed to a cardinal that had perched itself on the gutter of a store.

"Probably never seen him before. Or maybe you see him every day and just don't know it." Steve watched him. Jonathan shrugged, eyes still on the cardinal.

"I just like imagining where they've been and what they've seen or felt." Steve stayed quiet and let him continue to watch birds in peace. Jonathan suddenly smiled.

"Maybe they saw The Monster and knew everything way before we did. And we were just stumbling around while they all knew what to avoid," he said, turning around to smile at Steve. Jesus. Steve shook his head and snorted.

"Yeah. Maybe."

He wanted to kiss him.

Instead he lightheartedly shouldered into him and said he wanted breakfast. Jonathan smiled at him and asked if he wanted eggs.

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Jonathan also gave the most wonderful hugs. They were tight and warm and made you feel like you were really wanted there at that exact moment. And not to roll out the Pity Wagon, but Steve hadn't exactly been loved on excessively by his family. So having Jonathan around to dole out hugs whenever he wanted was like getting Christmas every time he wanted it. Also being a Harrington involved lots of pride. Which meant never blatantly asking for things. Like hugs. Which honestly, Steve wasn't used to. He'd never really *had* to ask for anything, not genuinely. Just out of politeness. But with Jonathan, and even moreso, with *asking* for *affection*, Steve was a bit lost. And admittedly, still carried the pride his family had bred into him. Tiptoeing around subtly indicating the want for affection was uncharted waters. And Steve was extra clumsy about it.

Thankfully, Jonathan was both observant and kind.

He started noticing around the time Steve would walk up behind him and twist his arm awkwardly around Jonathan in an attempt at Casual Affection. It was---something to witness. So when Jonathan would hear Steve coming up from behind, he'd go ahead and put down what he was doing to turn and Casually Go In For a Hug.

He could feel the relief practically radiate off Steve for not having to ask.